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SOME RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE CIVIL WAR

By W. H. Hull.

Fifth Paper

As we marched down the Western slope of the mountain licking the succulent sap from large slivers of elm bark, to the professional military man, we would have presented a somewhat grotesque appearance; but we were enjoying ourselves, and what was the need of putting on airs away out there in the mountain where there was no one to look at us! Every now and then, when we came to a smooth place in the road, we closed up ranks and practiced marching to the music. With such airs as "Bonaparte Crossing the Alps," "Black Hawks March" "Soldiers Joy," and for a variation, an occasional spurt of Yankee Doodle, we soon began to feel something of that "heaving of the breast" so characteristic of those who have fully imbibed the martial spirit.

When we arrived at the Hamilton House, we found quite a number of refugees there, who had fled from the Federals, like birds before a storm, from the western counties of the state. They were greatly rejoiced. When they saw us coming, they lined themselves up by the roadside; the ladies waived their handkerchiefs and indulged in expressions of greatest delight, and men and all cheered us to the echo. Many gave vent to such expessions as, "Old Pocahontas is coming in!" "Hurrah for old Pocahontas!" "Three cheers for Pocahontas!" One elderly gentleman, well dressed, and very intelligent looking, as we thought judging from his observations, was heard to remark, "I tell you those are fine looking fellows," and then added, "Those men would as leave fight as eat." He was not aware that we had already developed the very soldierly inclination to want to eat about every thing in sight.

We are reminded in this connection of the story of the soldier, during the war, who went to the farm house for the purpose of getting something to eat. The lady of the house met him at the door, and in reply to the usual question as to his health, he responded; "I 'm midlin' well, thank you Mam, but is always hungry."

On the 14th day of May we unloaded our provisions and baggage and went into camp at the Hamilton House, occupying a portion of the house and the out houses. Mr. John Riley, a man of sterling integrity, was appointed Commissary, and took charge of our rations. When the eating hour arrived. Capt. Riley and his assistants had quite a job on their hands. A slice of bread, some times two slices, and a slice of ham, (sandwiche had not yet been invented) were handed around to start on. They would scarcely get around until those first served would be on hand again for another supply. It was soon discovered that our rations were going to run short, and accordingly, the wagons were returned for another supply. With nothing to do but eat and sleep, time dragged heavily. Finally, after several days spent in this way, two mounted men rode up the pike toward the mountain; as they had passed in silence, it soon became a matter of conjecture as to what their business might be. It was not long until a theory was advanced. Some one remembered that the old road leading from Beverly across Cheat Mountain, intersected the pike at a point above our position, or in other words, in our rear. It was very soon conjectured that Col. Porterfield, who was in command at Huttonsville, had, in some way learned that the Federals were advancing, or making some demonstrations along this old road for the purpose of gaining a position in our rear.

The men soon became dissatisfied. They complained that they had but little amunition; that they were occupying a very exposed position, without fortifications or any means of defense save their mountain rifles and shot guns. Some were even scarce of "bullet patching." And then to make matters worse, there was that old road in our rear. It was argued that we should fall back and take a position on the mountain, at all events get back of that old road.

There is scarcely ever any lack of pessimistic malcontents, and they were not entirely wanting on this occasion. Col. Moffett proposed shat he would ride down to Huttonsville, a distance of about four miles, and see Col. Porterfield and obtain the news as to the situation. During Colonel Moffett's absence, speculation still ran high. It was proposed that we tear down the rail fences and make a stockade across the bottom in order to keep the Federal cavalry from picking us up. Some of the company officers delivered short addresses to the men for the purpose of trying to restore confidence. In due time Col. Moffett returned. He said, inter alia, that the enemy was still in the vicinity of Philippi; that their scouts had not been seen this side of Laurel Hill, some twenty-five or thirty miles distant, and that there was no likelihood of an attack in the very near future. The pathos of Col. Moffett's closing words were indelibly impressed on the plastic mind of at least one unsophisticated youth. Said he "If we are attacked here, I propose to fight. If our men at Huttonsville are attacked I shall go to their assistance. If there is any one present who is afraid to fight, let him step out and make it known, and I shall send him home at once. As for myself, I have fully consecrated myself upon the altar of my country. I desire no more honorable death than the death of a soldier who dies in defense of his country. I desire no more honorable burial than a soldier's grave. The only burial service I desire, should I be killed in battle is to lay me in a soldier's grave and simply say, here lies George Moffett who died in defense of his country." Confidence was restored.

During the day Captain Bruffee came to the writer, who was armed with a little single barrell-shot gun, and said "H—— how I pity you." Why so Captain?" "Well, on account of your little gun; if we should get into a battle we will have to put you so far in advance of the other men, so that you can reach the enemy that you will be greatly exposed, and will be almost sure to be killed." "That is alright Captain, I shall go where ever you send me." As to the writer, it was a case of blissful ignorance. He did not know enough about war to be scared.

We knew Dr. Geo. B. Moffett, as a surgeon in the army when the country was in the midst of the throes of war, and gladly bear testimony to the fact that he fully sustained the sentiments set forth so eloquently in his speech. As a surgeon he was faithful and sympathetic, and in all his intercourse with the soldiers he bore himself kindly and cheerful. Our acquaintance with Major Poage was brief, but he made a fine impression during the short time he was with us, and afterwards an excellent record as a brave soldier.

BALTIMORE CONFERENCE

The Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church, South, over which Bishop A. W. Wilson presided, has been in session at Roanoke since Wednesday of last week, adjourned on Monday, after a most interesting session. Dr. J. E Armstrong, who has been secretary for a number of years was re-elected to that position.

The session had not been more than opened when a communication was read from the Methodist Episcopal church on the subject of a better understanding between the Northern and Southern churches where their territories overlap in the bounds of the two Baltimore conferences and a joint committee was appointed to report

Rev. G. T. Tyler reported the Winchester district and Rev G. D. White the Rockingham. Rev J. R Auden, in whose district the conference is held, reported over 1,000 conversions and 8 churches built or dedicated.

Rev T. J. Lambert, the youngest of the elders, gave a fine report from the Lewisburg district. Covington, Va., has led in building—a $35,000 church and a $6,000 parsonage in one year.—Hinton, W. Va., has dedicated a $1,200 church. Durbin has dedicated a new church. He reported 700 conversions.

Rev J. W. Duffey of Harrisonburg, said that in all that had been said and sung of the Covington (Va.) parsonage he had the best parsonage in the conference.

Rev J. S. Eagle, who has been four years editor of the conference organ published in Baltimore asked for a supernumerary relation. He will reside at Buena Vista and be associated with the Southern Female Seminary there.

Rev. W. G. Eggleston, the oldest man in the conference, is nearly 100 years of age. He has been a member of the conference 70 years and now lives at Middletown, Va. Dr. S. K. Cox, of Harrisonburg, who has been in the conference 63 years, is ill at his home.

The standing committee on federation to meet a like committee from the Methodist Episcopal church was named by Bishop Wilson. It consists of the presiding elders (whoever they may be) of the Baltimore, East Baltimore, Washington, Roanoke and Lewisburg districts.

The committee on temperance declared the Anti Saloon League the best organization yet known with which to meet the drink evil. The conference, without a dissenting voice, voted to co-operate with it.

The lay missionary movement was launched by W. H. Talbott, of Gaithersburg, Md. The paper which the conference adopted, suggested F. B. Thomas, of Roanoke, as head of the organization and W. H. Talbott, as secretary.

The conference will meet next with Central Church Baltimore.

LEWISBURG DISTRICT

T. J. Lambert, Presiding Elder.

Lewisburg—L. Hammond.
Frankford—A. L. Haneberger.
Blue Sulphur—L. A. Snow.
Hinton—C. S. Stanton.
Talbott—B. L. Parrott.
Greenville—W. L. Lowancett, J. E. Keller, supply.
Jetertown—J. B. Hedrick.
Alderson—C. K. Millican.
Union—J. M. York.
Highland Park and Sweet Springs—O. P. Lambert.
Roncaverte—A. M. Cackley.
White Sulphur—J. H. Schooley
Alvon—W. C. Sponagle.
Callaghan—V. W. Wheeler
Covington—J. C. Knott and one to be supplied.
Potts Creek—C. B. Otey supply
Clifton Forge—W. O. Talbert.
Selma—L. L. Lawrence.
Burnsville and Milleboro—I. R. Van Devander.
Hot Springs—S. R Snead.
Huntersville and Back Creek—David Brimlow and one to be supplied.
Marlinton—J. A. G. Shipley.
Levelton—L. B. Atkins
Green Bank—H. Q. Burr.
Durbin—J. W. Beall.
Professor in Alleghany Institute—L. J. Shires.

Among those known to our readers in the other districts are: J. W. McNeil, Barnswick, Baltimore District; J. C. Thrasher, Easton; Ingleside, J. D. Pope; Hamilton, Frank M. Richardson, in East Baltimore District. Calvary, W. H Ballenger; Occoquan C. Sydenstricker; Stafford, C. M Sarver; Fauquier, C. F. Burgess, in Washington District. Geo. T Tyler, Presiding Elder of Winchester district. Bridgewater. Geo. W. Richardson; Shenandoah R M. Wheeler; Crabbottom. Thos. Cooper, in Rockingham district. Elliston, W. E. Miller; Christiansburg, Chas. Lynch; Piedmont, H. L Hout; Staneville, H. Lawson, in Roanoke district.

A DAY WITH ELKINS

Cincinnati Enquirer

I was assigned by my city editor to spend a day with Senator Elkins and to write down in my best English all that happened. Well to begin with, the West Virginian entered the Senate chamber, felling very cheerful. But no sooner had he got in than Sena or Depew nudged him and asked the market quotation on dukes. Steve pretended not to notice him, although it could be easily seen that he was displeased and trying to keep dowd his choler.

Then somebody said: "Senator, I suppose that before long one will speak of 'the crowned heads of America as one now speaks of those of Europe." Steve said he guessed so, and commenced to swear under his breath.

"I presume," continued the inquisitor, "that one would soon get used to being called 'the duke of West Virginia,' and that, after one had heard the name a few times, it wouldn't sounds quite so bad, after all."

At this the senator merely growled and would have escaped into less rarified atmosphere had not another of his confreres approached him and said: "Well, even if he is a duke, Senator, he appears to be quite a nice man. I suppose Prince Helie de Sagan and the other noblemen now in American will leave cards."

Uncle Joe Cannon came along just then, and, stopping Mr. Elkins, asked him if he had made up his mind yet what he would do with his crown. "Your wife might use it," he suggested, "as a fruit dish; or, if you liked, you might stand it up on its points and make a tabourette out of it. Well, at any rate," he added, with a chuckle, "a crown on the head is worth two on the tooth."

By this time, however, Senator Elkins was in no convival mood So I did not remain with him any longer, believing it to be unsafe. I should not be surprised if there would be a physical encounter in the Senate some day like the recent Williams d'Armond affair, but thus far Mr. Elkins has shown much restraint.

Seven members of the United States Senate have died within a year. The oldest died last week and the youngest breathed his last Sunday night. Senator Bryan from Florida had only been a Senator seventy-three days, thirty-three of which he had served in the hospital. He succeeded Senator Mallory who died in December.

Warwick

The Mutual Telephone people were here in force on the 28th inst. and effected an organization, and from what was done that day it looks that they mean business. It is expected that all interested in this good work will be here on April 11th, when more definite action will be taken.

The sick, we are glad to say, are now on a fair road to health again. G. S. Weiford's little son Oden, who was so low with pneumonia, under the careful treatment of Dr. J. W. Price, is about himself again.

Candidates are swarming; we noticed G. W. Callison passing around a day or two since with his usual cheerful smile and greeting and from our stand point we are sure the interest of all the people will be safe in the hands of this affable gentleman.

R. Q Young is rolling out he shingles.

Charles Waugh is erecting his future dwelling house, and Joseph Fisher will soon move into the house on the property recently purchased of Harvey Snyder, now occupied by Charles Waugh.

Our merchant, G. S. Weiford, always has a grin for you when ever you pass his way whether you buy or not, and seems to be very much liked by the people.

Saloons and Crime

There has appeared within recent months a very instructive series of articles in the Saturday Evening Post under the title, "The Battle of the Bottle," and in the concluding number of the series appears some very interesting figures.

Dealing with West Virginia, the following figures are given:

Kanawha county, 1 saloon to 804 people; 1 convict to 575 people. Fayette county, a saloon to evey 444 people; 1 convict to every 256 people. McDowell county, 1 saloon to every 468 people; 1 convict to every 175 people. Mingo county, 1 saloon to every 494 people; 1 convict to 286 people. Mercer county, 1 saloon to every 1,525 people; 1 convict to every 535 people.

The five wettest counties have 415 convicts: the other 50 counties have 413. One eleventh of the counties furnish one half the convicts.

Two years ago the prison report showed that 32 dry counties had 106 men in the penitentiary, while Fayette county alone, with 80 saloons, had 159, or 53 more convicts from one wet county than from 32 dry ones.

The dry counties had 1 convict for every 4,220 of population, while Fayette had a man in stripes for 202 of population, and McDowell county 1 in stripes fo every 190.

Women's Curious Costume.

The women mussel gatherers on France wear trousers and high boots which look grotesque worn with a tight-fitting waist, and a sailcloth apron, which is doubled up to keep it out of the water. They carry also wooden sandals of a wide and curious pattern, which are intended to give them a firmer footing on shifting sands.

Still Mourn Gen. Wolfe.

One British regiment has been in mourning for nearly a century and a half. This is the old forty-seventh, the Loyal North Lancashire regiment. The officers wear black blended with the gold braid in memory of Gen. Wolfe, who was killed at Quebec.

Vindicative Attention.

Only a Chicago paper would insinuate that the movement to make that St. Louis Apollo wear trousers is inspired by the fact that a bow legged citizen of that burg posed as the model.—N. Y. Herald.

Sugar Used by Gothamites.

There are consumed by the people of New York city 1,008,700 pounds of sugar each day.

Japs in South America.

Japanese merchants who speak both Spanish and English are steadily extending their trade in the larger cities of the west coast of South America.

THIS CEMENT WALL A NOVELTY.

Action of Nature Has Given It a Distinct Artistic Value.

There is a wall of cement in Los Angeles which shores up one side of a building lot that has an artistic value never intended by the builder.

He had moved his bags of cement on to the ground to be ready for work and was then called away on some other job for a day or two. In the meantime one of the very infrequent rains came on and each sack turned into stone under the action of the water and the fabric of the sacks themselves were absorbed into the cement so that it was impossible to remove it.

Consequently each sack was wrought into the wall as if it had been a boulder on the line of an old stone wall.

They were then chinked and bound together with worked cement and after a time the weather dispossed of the gunny sacking, but left the blocks marked with the impress of the weave. The result is a highly ornamental cement wall, resembling at a little distance a wall of some woven material.

THIS PENAL COLONY A MODEL.

Brazil Seems to Have Solved One of Civilization's Problems.

The penal colony of the state of Pernambuco, Brazil, is on an island 200 miles off the coast. There are 600 convicts at present. They arise at 6 a. m. and work till 2 p. m. for the state cultivating cotton of a superfine quality. After two o'clock they work for themselves. The island is one of the most orderly and productive bits of soil in Brazil. It is a model convict colony and the cheapest run of any in the world.

The group of islands to which the penal one belongs is where the equatorial and south equatorial currents divde, and it is surrounded by a triangular sheet of quiet sea, full of all kinds of fish, valuable commercially. As convict labor may be had at ten cents a day there is opportunity for fine fishing concessions there. It is regarded as a first-class location for a coaling station. The islands also have valuable phosphate deposits.

Keep Girls Young.

"It is hard to take a back seat and see the younger generation occupying the front ones," says a millionaire's widow, who is not through being youthful, though she has two grown-up daughters. She admires the "fine restraint" which wealthy French mothers exercise over the dressing of their young daughters, and she wishes more of this maternal mastery could be seen in this country. "Until she is married, if that event takes place when she is young," says the widow, "la jeune fille is dressed almost as if she were a schoolroom child. Supposing she remains unwed at 21, she is still dressed after a uniform plan, so that her mother may continue to dress youthfully yet have toilets entirely different in style from her daughter's."—Exchange.

Doing Chores.

To dig one's own potatoes, to shock one's own corn, to pick one's own apples, to pie one's own squashes at one's own barn! It is like filling one's system with an antitoxin before going into a fever-plagued country. One is immune to winter after this, provided he stays to bake his apples in his own wood fire. One works himself into a glow with all his digging, and picking and piling that lasts until warm weather comes again; and along with this harvest glow comes stealing over him the after-harvest peace. It is the serenity of Indian summer, the mood of the after-harvest season, upon him—upon him and his fields and woods.—Dallas Lore Sharp, in Atlantic.

Advertising for One Penny.

Jabez Alvord, an old and highly respected resident of Winsted, Conn., is advertising as lost a pocketbook containing a penny, and offers to pay a liberal reward for its return. The penny bears the date of 1818, and to Mr. Alvord it is almost invaluable. It was given to him by the family doctor when he was a child in dresses.

For safe keeping he put it in a crack in the house, and it fell down between the partitions. When the old house was torn down two years ago Mr. Alvord found it, after it had been lost more than 65 years. Now it is lost again.

Air Purified by Curtains.

Dr. J. Brown, the medical officer of health of Bacup, has drawn attention to the usefulness of muslin curtains in filtering the air of rooms, says the London Globe.

The amount of solid air removed from the air by muslin window curtains has surprised him. As he says, they are cheap and easily washed, and should be changed frequently. One condition he advocates but does not insist on is that they should not be dressed or ironed.

The Proper Term.

Knox—You and Dr. Jones are partners, are you not?

Dr. Smith—Oh, no. We often consult together and attend to each other's patients in case of absence, but we are in no sense partners.

Knox—I see. He is what might be termed your accomplice.—Chicago News.

Heredity.

Caller—Your little boy looks exactly like you.

Youngster's Mother—Yes; but if he doesn't get his meals just when he wants them he puts up exactly the same kind of fuss his father does.

MATTER FOR THE SCIENTISTS.

Theory as to Whether We Live Inside or Outside Earth.

There are a number of believers in the theory that we are living inside the earth instead of outside. These unpleasant people want us to admit that we are surrounded by a shell like a huge nut. Just what good it will do us to admit this isn't clear. About the only benefit to be derived from the information, as far as we can see at present is the possibility that the balloonists may prepare themselves for a hard bump against the inner side of the shell if they ever go up too high.

We are also told that the acceptation of this kernel in the nut theory will explain many things—none of which we remember.

It will also upset a great many things with which we are familiar and which, on the whole, we like pretty well.

This leads us to remark that we prefer to believe we are outs. At the same time if the inside facts are convincing we are open to conviction.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FLATTERY NOT IN HIS LINE.

Where Mr. Spooner Lost Out for Ever with Miss Flutterby.

"That's a portrait of your grandmother, as she looked, when she was a young lady, is it How strongly it resembles you, Miss Flutterby."

"You say that only to flatter me, Mr Spooner. Grandma was quite a beauty and everybody knows that I make no pretensions of that kind."

"I assure you that flattery is far from my thought, Miss Flutterby. The family resemblance is striking. I've seen known cases of that kind. There was two sisters I was acquainted with when I was a boy. They looked wonderfully alike, just as that portrait looks like you, and yet one of them was as beautiful as a poet's dream and the other was dreadfully—that is, I mean she was as ill—or rather she was striking in a quality, you know, that attributes—what a lovely frame this portrait has, hasn't it?"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Letter Writing.

Writing interesting letters doesn't come natural to me, and there are a good many people with whom I must keep in touch through letters, if at all. So I have got into the way of keeping a notebook and jotting down in it brief notes to remind me of little bits of news that will specially interest my different correspondents. I even jot down a little joke sometimes, says Home Chat. Then, when spare time comes to write my letters my notes are ready to hand, and the interesting scraps of news don't go flying away directly I put my pen to paper, as they used to do. Everybody tells me my letters are much more interesting than they used to be. If so, that is the secret.

Fair Warning.

"John, dear," said Mrs. Wedderly, "is it true that the average woman has no sense of humor?"

"That's about the size of it," replied her husband.

"But the average man's—yours, for example—is pretty well developed, isn't it?" continued her husband's wife.

"Oh, yes," answered the unsuspecting other half of the combine, "mine is all right."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Mrs. W——, "as I have a treat in store for you. Next week I am going to ask you for a new sealskin sack and I want you to laugh and feel jolly, just as you do when you read of such things."

An Overvaunted Virtue.

S. I. Kimball, general superintendent of the life saving service, said of an applicant for a certain post:

"The man was recommended for his steadiness. Now steadiness is a virtue, especially in life saving, that goes none too far. Whenever I think of it I think of an old lady I used to know.

"'Mrs. Madden,' a gentleman once said to this old lady, 'your neighbor, Herbert Bisbing, has applied to me for work. Is he steady?'

"Mrs. Madden threw up her hands.

"'Steady, is it?' she said. 'Sure, if he was any steadier he'd be dead.'"

All That Was Necessary.

A man who bored all his friends with his incessant talking prided himself on being able to hypnotize people. One day while asserting this and perceiving signs of incredulity on his friends' faces he turned to one of them and said:

"In order to prove it to you I will make you go to sleep if you like."

"Certainly," replied the friend; "you have only to speak."

Ancient Wisdom.

It hath been said that "wise men say nothing in dangerous times," and Swift, the greatest of English satirists, with prevision, remarked that "wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider because it is attended with an egg, but then, lastly, it is a nut which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth and pay you with nothing but a worm."

Their Point of View.

"Don't you think," asked one sheep in the flock of another, "that it is absurd for humans to be cutting off our wool in the way they do?"

"I should say so," answered the other. "I call it sheer paganism."